

Department Store

Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hardware, Groceries, Jewelry, Photographs, Curios, Kodaks, Newspapers, Books, Periodicals, Pipes, Tobaccos, Cigars, Furniture, Carpets, Upholstery, Logging and Mining Equipments, Everything Needed on the Frontier, Everything Suitable for the City. Information in Regard to Big Game Hunting Grounds and Scenic Attractions of the Stikine, a Specialty. Transportation Arranged.

We carry in stock Complete Lines in all kinds of

Cold Weather Goods

On one side of **THE BIG STORE** Then Step Over To the Other Side

Warm Overcoats for Men and Boys, Comfortable Wraps for the Ladies and Girls, Gloves and Mittens, German Socks, Shoe Pads, Moccasins, Caps with Ear Muffs, and many other articles.

and see our line of Heating Stoves for Wood or Coal Skates, all Sizes CREEPERS Just the thing for hill-climbing, and we have them to fit any shoe

F. MATHESON

General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

CHURCH DIRECTORY

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Interpreted Service, 10:30 A. M., Sunday.
Sunday School, 2:00 P. M., Sunday.
Christian Endeavor, 7:30 P. M., Sunday.
English Service, 7:30 P. M., Sunday.
Midweek Interpreted Service, 7:30 P. M., Wednesday.
Midweek English Service, 7:30 P. M., Friday.
Library Association meeting in library rooms the first Tuesday in each month at 7:30 P. M.
J. S. CLARK, Pastor.

ST. PHILIP'S—EPISCOPAL
Holy Communion, first Sunday in each month, at 10:30 A. M.
Morning Prayer (Other Sundays) interpreted for Natives, 10:30 A. M.
Junior Christian Endeavor, 11:30 A. M.
Bible School, 2:00 P. M.
Service in Norwegian about every fourth Sunday at 4:30 P. M.
Evening Prayer and service, 7:30 P. M.
Ladies' Aid every second Tuesday evening.
Native prayer meeting each Wednesday evening.
Service of Song, Friday evening, 7:30.
Native Choir, Saturday evening.
Free Night School every evening, except Sat.
HARRY P. COOPER, Rector.

SALVATION ARMY
Regular Meetings Tuesday and Friday, 7:30 P. M.
Knee Drill, Sunday morning, 7:30.
Service at 11, Sunday, 10:00 A. M.
Sunday School, 2:00 P. M.
Regular service Sunday evening, 7:30.
EMMA MILLER, Corps Commander.
THOS. T. MARKE, Sergeant-Major.
ROBT. SMITH, Adjutant.

TERSELY OLD HAPPENINGS ALES OF HERE AND ABOUT

A funeral director named Gray
Opened shop in Alaska, they say;
But he found too much health,
And soon lost all his wealth,
Then he straightway went "back to the hay."

Location blanks and proof of labor
Wants, 10 cents each at this office.

Sample of Goods for Ladies or Gents
Spring and summer wear already received at W. C. Waters.

Marshall W. D. Grant, returned from
Uncon on the Jefferson.

Boatbuilder Stedman is building a nice
little launch for Merchant Sinclair.

The Jefferson was scheduled to sail
from Seattle February 11, and should be
here tomorrow.

Geo. Klauitz is building himself a
double-end round-bottomed boat, and
is doing a good job for a beginner.

There was no treasurer's tax sale of
property in Wrangell for 8907 delinquent
taxes. Before the date set for the sale
every delinquent had paid up.

Fred Wigg and Ken. Talmage went to
Ham Island last week in Fred's launch
to get some marble which is to be used
on the altar in St. Philip's church.

TRADERS AND TRAPPERS

Louis Levy, representing Joseph Ullman, New York, pays highest prices for furs.

ELECTRIC WIRING FREE

To all persons who agree to take electric lights for a year or more, we will do the wiring and furnish the first lamp free of charge. This does not mean that patrons must use the lights all summer.

PALMER BROS.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have purchased book accounts due and owing to F. W. Carlyon, my predecessor in the mercantile business in Wrangell, as per bill of sale filed at Commissioner's office 3rd inst. All parties concerned are requested to govern themselves accordingly and to make settlement with me.

F. MATHESON.

Picture frames and framed pictures at half price at W. C. Waters.

The launch Anita is on the ways for repairs, at C. P. Cole's shop.

Howard Hungerford and Charley Benjamin were in from their trapping camp during the week.

"Chips" Cole last week launched the remodeled boat belonging to Jimmy Bradley and Tommy Jackson, and she is a "peach." The new boat was named Northern Light.

While easterners are suffering from cold and blizzards, we Alaskans enjoy warm sunshine and are quite comfortable outdoors in our shirt sleeves. State papers, please copy!

By removing a rickety old fence and cutting away a lot of wild shrubbery, Mr. Chapman has been making marked improvement to the Patching property in the west end of town.

"Dad" Smith has been clearing the brush from the patch of ground east of the dairy, and as soon as he can grub out about seventeen million stumps and roots, will plant a garden.

This paper closes its forms Wednesday of each week, and if you wish to get anything into the paper or have your ad. changed, the copy must be left at the office not later than Tuesday night.

FIREMEN'S DANCE

February 21

Take your prescriptions to the Baker Drug Co.

Druggist J. H. Wheeler, Harry Gartley, Walter Waters and Charlie Bielby went trout fishing in Mill Lake, Sunday. We didn't hear how many.

Yanco Terzich, president of Douglas Island Miners' Union No. 109, passed through on the Seattle for Ketchikan, on a business trip. He reports D. I. M. U. in a flourishing condition.

Mrs. Sergt. Willis O. Perry and infant son are here on a visit to Sergt. and Mrs. J. A. Perry, having come down on the Seattle from Sitka where the Sergt. is an attaché of the cable office. The two Sergents Perry are brothers.

Judge Ed. DeGross was a southbound passenger on the last Seattle to attend to business connected with his Chicago Island mining property. With a small mill this mine has produced \$107,000 since last September; and the end is not yet.

A party of five men arrived in last Sunday in a small gasoline launch after a rather rough trip from Petersburg. They came Saturday as far as Five-Mile Island, but thought the last crossing too "lumpy," so they went to anchor in the lee of the island until Sunday morning.

A post card from S. W. Carlyon and wife, dated at Pasadena, Calif., January 27, says that they are having a very enjoyable trip, and that before they come home they will go through Mexico and several of the southern states. They send kind regards to all old friends in Wrangell.

The Alaska-Treadwell Record accuses SENTINEL of the awful crime of being the mouthpiece of the Western Federation of Miners, and we "acknowledge the crime," in fact, we have always made it a point, when two evils were to be chosen, to choose the lesser.

We are proud to uphold the W. F. of M. in its struggle against monopoly, and here's another health to Douglas Island Miners' Union. This toast includes even the arch-criminal and alleged (by the Alaska-Treadwell Record) squaw-bearer, Sevald Torkelsen.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY SOON

You'll Have to Hurry!
You Know This is Leap Year
Try Your Luck With a Valentine

ERNEST ROBIN SUICIDES

Man About Town Cuts His Own Throat From Ear to Ear.

Lying across a bed saturated with his own blood, and with his throat cut from ear to ear, a bloody razor lying between his feet on the floor, was the condition in which John Norton found "Ernie" Robin, about 5 o'clock Monday evening, when he (Norton) went into his room in the Cassiar rooming house. Marshal Grant and Dr. Hughes were quickly summoned and found the body still warm, but with life extinct, evidencing the fact that death had occurred but a short time before the ghastly discovery was made. A coroner's jury was then empaneled, and upon examination of the room, found several letters and a bunch of photographs. Under the body were found a small ax, a jackknife and a razor, from which it was presumed that he had chosen between chopping into his brain with the ax or cutting his throat with one of the other instruments, and the bloody condition of the razor plainly showed that it had been the one used. No evidence of violence was found, and the verdict of the jury was that death had been caused by his own hand. The presumption was that the deed was actuated by a state of despondency and temporary mental aberration induced by chronic alcoholism.

William Ernest Robin was a native of Canada who came to Wrangell about the time of the fire in 1906. He was a very polite and gentlemanly fellow, and his actions and intercourse with those who knew him indicated good breeding and more than an average education. He was known to have received numerous letters and pictures from his people in Canada, and had often expressed a desire to accumulate a sum sufficient to go "back home"; and it is supposed that brooding, with his brain weakened by an excessive use of alcoholic liquors, was the cause of the commission of his last rash act.

"Ernie", as he was familiarly known, was a familiar figure on our streets, as he worked at almost any kind of work. He was particularly well known about the wharf, where he rarely failed to be while freight was being discharged from the steamers. He was a heavy drinker, but exhibited little evidence of intoxication at any time.

LATER—Upon cleaning the corpse it develops that in his determination to end his life, he had cut his wrist and stabbed himself twelve times in the chest. A scar in the forehead indicates that he had struck himself with the ax.

A WORD TO THE WISE, ETC.

Merchants often order 150 or 200 letter heads, bill heads or other stationery, and soon exhausting the supply, order a few more. Every time they order the printer must set the type, prove its correctness, lock it in the chase, put it on the press, ink the press and make the job ready. This all requires time, and the printer expects pay for his time. To prepare for a job of five impressions requires as much time as to prepare for a job of 5,000. Take for example a No. 6 bill head, the following figures will show the economy of ordering stationery in large quantities:

No. 6 bill heads	500	1,000	5,000
	\$2.75	\$5.00	\$22.50

By these figures you will observe that if ordered in lots of 500, the 5,000 will cost just ten times \$2.75, or \$27.50—a saving of \$5.00 by ordering 5,000 at a time. This rule, in proportion, applies to letter heads, envelopes, statements or other job work. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

The big launch Sea Girl will leave the floating dock near Wrangell Hotel next Sunday morning at 7 o'clock for Konk's Creek, and all who want to have a day of fine sport, fishing through the ice, are welcome. The fare will be nominal. A stop will be made for those who wish to fish at Pat's Lake. Bring your lunch.

A class will soon be organized here for the study of Esperanto, the new world language. Any person wishing to join will leave his name at this office.

Born Feb. 6, 1908, to Mrs. T. J. Case, a bouncing baby boy.

Claire Snyder came in from Klawack yesterday morning.

THE OLD RELIABLE CITY STORE

DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor

still continues the Leader as the Depot for

BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES

You will Save 10 Per Cent

By coming to this store for your Groceries, Fruits, Clothing, Hats Caps, Boots, Shoes, Laces, Threads, Hosiery, Hardware, Etc.

Big Outfits a Specialty

CALL ONCE AND YOU WILL BE CONVINCED

St. Michael Trading Company

Carry a Complete Stock in All Lines of Merchandise, Including

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Paints Oils, Crockery, Etc.

Tin Shop in Connection, in Which we are Prepared to do Any Kind of Work in that line

WE ARE ALSO SOLE AGENTS FOR

Union Gas Engines

Chase & Sanborn Teas and Coffees

Hercules Powder

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL ORDERS

WERE FORCED TO BUILD

It has been often said that "necessity is the mother of invention." This was borne out recently by some native boys whose boat went adrift, leaving them marooned on an island which is seldom visited. No sooner had they found that they were "up against the real thing" when they commenced to build themselves a boat. Among their campmates were a brace and some bits, a plane, a drawknife, and a double-bitted ax. Having no lumber except what drift lumber they could find along the beach, they cut down some cedar trees and split them into boards of sufficient length. They dressed the boards by hand, as they did also a keel and stem and stern timbers. The ribs were made of yellow cedar, bent and burned to shape. The fastenings were made by boring holes and driving in wooden pegs, except in a few places which were fastened with nails taken from drift boxes and lumber. Calking was made from the finer bark of cedar trees. The affair was necessarily crude, but it sufficed to get the boys safely home.

LEAP YEAR BALL TOMORROW

The Wrangell ladies have the arrangements complete for the big Leap Year Ball, which is to be given at Red Men's Hall tomorrow night, February 14. The hall has been decorated as only ladies can decorate, the invitations are very unique and neat, and the program has been so arranged, that all will have an opportunity to get their fill of dancing. We predict that the luncheon will be the "best ever," and as a whole this ball should be a grand success. Don't forget to present your invitation at the hall door.

Mr. Fredenberg and George McGee have been "cutting some ice" during the past week, and "Dad" Smith has stored it (150 tons) away for summer "reference".

Gus Lehner and Dick Nastrom came over from Petersburg, Saturday in the new launch which Dick has recently had built.

The Proof of the Pudding is the Eating

To Make Your Puddings Taste "GOOD"

Use Baker's Flavoring Extracts

Extract Vanilla, Extract Lemon, Extract Orange; Essence Wintergreen, Essence Peppermint, Essence Cinnamon, Essence Jamaica Ginger

THE BAKER DRUG CO.

The Clatswa arrived in Friday afternoon from a week's fishing trip to the vicinity of Deer Island. Fish were not very plentiful, but the crew succeeded in getting three boxes of salmon, two halibut and scores of red cod. During their absence they came across the logging outfits of Royalty and Leonard and Looker, Edson & Dunningberg. Joe and Johnny Baronovich and wives happened along at about the same time, and for two nights the crowd of friends made the welkin ring with dancing and mirth. Prof. Edson played upon several different instruments and the dances were held on Royalty & Leonard's big saw.

A young Quaker, writing to his father in Pennsylvania, told him of the trout of Alaska sometimes attaining a weight of three pounds, to which the old man replied: "My son, John, I am pained that thy trip into the west has led thee from the paths of truth, for such a trout as thee mentions is truly impossible."

The young man then got a trout which weighed four pounds and had it frozen in the center of a big chunk of ice, and shipped it by express, C. O. D. It cost the old man \$14.50, and in a short time the young fellow received these lines: "My son, John, thee need not prove thy statements. It is too expensive. Hereafter we will take thee at thy word."

N. J. Svindeth returned home from Petersburg in the Seattle.

Home-made photo albums, 20 pages, 20 cents each at SENTINEL office if ordered before Saturday noon

PATENTS

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS & C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description will quickly ascertain our opinion from whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. **HARDING** on Patent sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through **Munn & Co.** receive special notice, without charge, in the **Scientific American**.
A handomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newspapers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 225 F St., Washington, D. C.

FINAL SETTLEMENT NOTICE

In the matter of the Estate of Isaac Goetz, deceased.
ALL PERSONS interested in the above named estate are notified that the 20th day of March, 1908, at 10 o'clock A. M., has been fixed by the Court as the day and hour for final hearing and settlement of all accounts pertaining to said estate, and to the said and there appear and show cause, if any why the said accounts and settlements should not be finally approved and the administrator discharged.
Made and entered this 18th day of January, A. D. 1908.
A. V. R. SNYDER,
U. S. Commissioner and ex-officio Probate Judge.

Postage Stamps at Cost
Leave Your Headache Here
Thank You!
Please Call Again

BRING US YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS

WRANGELL DRUG COMPANY

Wholesale and Retail Druggists

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

VRANGEL.....ALASKA.

Sven Hedin reports the discovery of gold in Tibet. That settles it. The country must be civilized.

Frank Rockefeller, John D.'s "busted" brother, might adopt the plaintive motto, "Charity begins at home."

Remark by the conventional old settler of the future: "I remember, when I was chief engineer of the Panama canal," etc.

The first soda water fountain has just been set up in Australia. And we have been importing our ballot systems from that benighted country!

The Agricultural Department has found a milking machine that will work. But how unromantic it will be to simply touch a button, sir, she said.

The late William A. Procter, soap manufacturer, did much to make his countrymen a clean people. Incidentally he cleaned up \$20,000,000 for himself.

Ontario has a man who looks just like John D. Rockefeller. But no doubt he can prove a case of mistaken identity by simply producing his bank book if he has one.

The Prince of Wales is reported to have been badly squeezed in the stock market. Even a prince is likely to get his fingers hurt when he fools with the teeth of the buzz saw.

A Russian admiral's life was saved when the bomb aimed at him dropped in the snow and refused to explode. Guess he thinks the poet who wrote, "Beautiful Snow" was all right.

Spiritualistic medium says Mars is angry because her signals are being ignored by the earth. Business must be dull on Mars when she goes so far out of her way to pick a quarrel with her neighbors.

A Western doctor says that after reaching the age of 100 years one begins to grow a new crop of hair. But the man who becomes bald at 40 would get so accustomed to it in sixty years that he wouldn't care for a new crop.

A young man who beat his mother to death with a stick of stove wood "believed to be insane." Of course he is. There was not only a violent brain storm but a furious mental paroxysm. That is, if he has money enough to fee the high-priced alienists.

Soon after the coronation of King Edward there was published a photograph which showed him at a modern office desk with a telephone stand at his elbow. Still more striking is a picture recently printed of Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, seated at a desk before an American typewriter.

Leading business men of Chicago have petitioned that the time of the eighteen-hour trains between Chicago and New York be raised to twenty hours. They are the kind of men in whose interest the "filers" have been run, and they prefer safety and reasonable speed to maximum speed and maximum danger. This is one of the requests from patrons which the railroads can afford to heed.

Throughout a century and a quarter the tendency of the nations of the world has been toward diffusion of the governmental powers. For the first time evidence of a reactionary disposition to trust all to the one strong man appears in nearly all the larger nations at the same time. We see no more than curious coincidence in the unhappiness of these present days in all the parliaments of man. Democracy is not dying anywhere. The only moral to be drawn is the happy one that individualism is not moribund either. The nations know and trust their strongest sons. There is no "man on horseback." He only seems mounted to little men because his head is high above the crowd.

Doctor Yamakawa, who was formerly the president of the Imperial University of Tokyo, Japan, recently offered to present to a primary school in Japan the portrait of some distinguished person. The three hundred and forty-three children were asked to ballot for the person whose picture they would like to have placed on the walls of the schoolroom. Although it was when the nation was much excited over the treatment of Japanese pupils in San Francisco, these boys and girls still honored the great men of America. George Washington stood first in the list with 69 votes, and Abraham Lincoln second with 53. Next came Admiral Togo with 28 votes, followed by a Japanese philanthropist of olden

"Miss Pechis," said Mr. Timmid, at the other end of the sofa, "if I were to throw you a kiss I wonder what you'd say." "Well," replied Miss Pechis, "I'd say you were the laziest man I ever saw."—Philadelphia Press.

Tom—But perhaps she doesn't love you. Jack—Oh, yes, she does! Tom—How do you know? Jack—When I told her that I had no money to get married on she offered to borrow some from her father.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

time. The fifth place was taken by another American, Benjamin Franklin, with 21 votes. Others for whom preference was expressed were Florence Nightingale, 13; Marquis Oyama and Nelson, 11 each; General Kodama, 7; Bismarck, 5, and Napoleon, 4. There were also scattering ballots for President Roosevelt, Galileo, Socrates, Peter the Great, and others. Probably the vote was influenced by stories that the pupils found in their reading-books, and if the question had been asked them whether they considered the foreign heroes greater men than those of their own country, it is not likely that they would have answered in the affirmative; but the desire to have the portraits of such men as Washington, Lincoln and Franklin placed on the wall is one indication of the feeling with which the United States has long been regarded in Japan.

A good deal has been said lately about the power acquired through repose, the value of absolute relaxation and the desirability of letting go of one's self. Undoubtedly there is truth in the contention that an overwrought mind and body ought to release the tension before something breaks, but let it not be forgotten that if power be acquired through repose, growth comes through wiggle. Observe the baby, before it can walk, stand or sit. What does it do? It wiggles. Body, arms, fingers, legs, toes. The baby bird does the same. If you will look closely at the nestling stretching its neck for food its parent brings, you will observe that not only the head and neck, but the ineffectual wings and the little legs and claws are all working vigorously. In both baby and bird, wiggle means growth and soon the one can walk and the other can fly. But as soon as the child learns to walk, he doesn't walk; he runs. The run is the natural gait of the child. He finds it difficult to go more slowly. Even when he stands or sits, he isn't standing or sitting. He is wiggling. His arms sway, his legs swing and his body writhes into many positions. Parents ask, "Why can't that child be still a single minute?" But the child is growing and wiggle means growth. Roughly speaking, a child more than doubles its weight the first year, and more than doubles it again in the next two. It would make us grown-ups wiggle some to do that, wouldn't it? As the child grows older, it gains repose slowly, but grows less, and when full growth is attained, wiggling largely ceases. The same phenomenon holds true of the mind. The first few months the mind is inactive and grows slowly. But as soon as it gains control of its tools, when it has learned to distinguish sounds, to focus its eyes, to use its hands to grasp objects and its feet to carry it to them, and its tongue to inquire about them, how the mind wiggles! It flashes from one subject to another, its inquiry is constant and endless and its hold upon information tenuous. You and I can sit down and look at whatever is in view and feel no particular curiosity. Not so the child. It must know about this, that and the other thing which it sees, and though its questions seem simple, they are astonishingly searching. "What's that, mamma?" asked a 3-year-old. "A vault." "What's in it?" "Dead folks." Quick as a flash the little mind leaped at the deduction. "Oh, is it Heaven?" In the space of a couple of years, the baby mind acquires practical control of a difficult language, learns the uses and relations of thousands of strange objects, and, most remarkable of all, learns how to handle the people of his world and to match his tiny strength and intelligence against their years of study and experience. Comparatively speaking, he rarely makes a mistake and still more rarely repeats one. Suppose your self transported to a strange planet, could you do as well in so short a time? You might, if your mind had enough wiggle. But has it. On the other hand, observe how perfectly a child sleeps. Its position is one of ease and abandon, it breathes all the way down, and you can pick it up and lay it down and scarcely disturb it. The lesson seems to be that when you repose, you should repose, but when you are awake, you should wiggle! Whatever your aim in life, wiggle, for wiggle is growth.

Father of Trees.
The oldest tree in the world is said to be the famous dragon tree of Tenerife, which is estimated to be from 4,000 to 6,000 years of age. This wonder of the plant world was seventy feet or more in height until the year 1819, when during a terrific storm one of the large branches was broken off. A similar storm in 1867 stripped the trunk of its remaining branches and left the trunk standing alone. This tree derives its common name from a reddish exudation known as dragon's blood, found in the sepulchral caves of the Gauchas, and supposed to have been used by them in embalming their dead.

Women Doctors in America.
It is estimated that there are 25,000 women in America who possess medical diplomas.

"Yes," said the young man, pensively, "a dog I once had saved my life." "Tell me about it," said the young woman, with eager interest. "I sold him for \$4," said the young man, "when I was nearly starving."—Trib-Bits.

"What made Brown marry that widow?" "Did you ever drop a penny in a weighing machine and then find the thing won't work?" "Yes," "That's the reason." "What do you mean?" "Couldn't get a weigh."—Denver Post.

Men are peculiar things, said the matron to the caller. "As long as I've been married I've never been quite able to understand Mr. Clobber. I don't believe there ever was a man who thought more of his family or took more pride in them, and yet—"

"I think that anybody might be proud of two such lovely girls as you have," said the caller.

"Mr. Clobber is," said the matron. "He really is. He thinks everything of them and they can do almost anything with him. I often say that he will do more for them than he will for me. Yet he's peculiar about that. I think they are girls to be proud of. I don't say it just because I am their mother. I think any woman would say the same. I declare I don't believe I ever saw a prettier sight than those two girls were when they were dressed for the ball the other night. Did you see them? No, of course; you weren't there, were you?"

"I did have an invitation," said the caller, "but you know how it is with me. It's so hard to get Mr. Welsie to go anywhere on an evening."

"Well, Geraldine was in pink and Ethel was in blue, and the costumes were made almost identically the same. I do think Mrs. Modex has exquisite taste. She's expensive, but it's really worth while to pay the prices she charges to get the results. At first she said she positively couldn't make the dresses. She would design them, but that was because she simply couldn't resist doing that. She has an awfully artistic nature, you know, and Geraldine and Ethel appeal to it. Finally she burst out: 'Oh, you dears! I'm just going to make those frocks for you if I let everything else go.' Wasn't that perfectly sweet of her?"

"So she made them. Eyegore silk, and when she showed me what it was—did you ever see any of it? It was imported for the first time only about three months ago and it's just the loveliest, most delicate material I ever saw. Too delicate, I'm afraid. I don't believe it will ever clean. But it made up so beautifully that I'm not sorry now that



talked everybody tired before the dinner began, and Travers saw visions of a bad meal when he discovered the Englishman to be his neighbor at table. There was never a stop to the fellow's tongue. When the oysters were brought on, he began: "Now, it is a question as to whether or not the oyster has brains; scientists dispute the idea."

"T-t-t-they certainly have some," retorted Travers. "Your proof, sir," challenged the Briton, eager for argument. "W-wh-wh-wh, sir, the o-o-oyster know h-h-h-how to shut up."

FOOD FIT FOR THE GODS.
Ohio Editor Sings a Poem to the Glory of Buckwheat Cakes.

There is nothing in this world that so completely surrounds the human appetite and makes it a willing captive on one of the cold December mornings when a boreal blast comes rushing down and infuses itself in the very brick and mortar of one's home as a dish of hot buckwheat cakes, generously moistened with a sage-spiked gravy, off of a reeking-hot pork steak.

This is not altogether a delicate combination, but it is, if one takes into account the day and the freezing air outside and the shivering snowflakes that are trying to slip in under the windows to get warm. It is then that one does not want to toy with torrid food or spend the time crunching cream puffs. He wants something that fights the polar chill. The Almighty made the buckwheat cake to do that very thing and the pork steak to assist it.

Now, some people are squeamish about pork and suspect it is too strong for their delicate digestion. Go to. What is that kindly odor floating like a sweet incense spirit out of the kitchen—that flavor of the frying pork steak, and the delicate incense of the sage along with it, and the mouth-watering sight of that browned pier of buckwheat cakes—what is it all but loving nature's urgent invitation to abandon your cowardly suspicion and partake?

Of course, this does not apply to May day when the Johnny jumpers are peeping from under the dead leaves and the soft zephyrs are playing tag with the morning sunshine—but now; look without; listen to that Arctic roar; see the snowflakes freezing to death, hear those icicles falling from the neighboring roof—is it time for strawberries and parfait? No, indeed; pass the buckwheat cakes and more of the steak and gravy, please; let the polar winds howl.—Columbus Journal.

Benjaminites Are Few.
About 94 per cent of otherwise normal people use the right hand in preference to the left; 6 per cent are left-handed, and it is a curious fact that one-third of the 6 per cent are ambidextrous.—Portland (Ore.) Journal.

His Business.
"I know a man who is always anxious to treat everybody he meets." "He must be very generous." "Not a bit of it. He's a doctor."—Baltimore American.

Mr. Travers, the famous New York wit, once met at dinner a pompous Englishman who was "doing" the States. He had letters aplenty attesting his importance—letters from Gladstone, Dilke, Salisbury, and Churchill. He had

I chose it. I think with a little careful pressing it will stand one or two more wearings—if the style hasn't gone out. And she had some perfectly beautiful lace to go with it—some she brought back with her from Paris the last trip she made. But I was going to tell you about Mr. Clobber.

"I had Mrs. Clancy come over to dress the girls' hair on the evening of the ball and it was exquisite the way they looked when they were all dressed. As I say, I don't know when I ever saw a prettier picture. 'Now, darlings,' I said, 'papa is in the library and you must go down and surprise him.' So they went down and tiptoed up behind him and then, when he looked around, they dropped him a curtsy. It was too sweet!"

"I'm sure it must have been," said the caller.

"But will you believe me, my dear, that man just looked at them without so much as a smile and then gave a grunt and went on reading his paper. I declare I was out of patience. 'Well, papa,' I said, 'what do you think of your daughters? Why don't you look at them?'"

"I looked at them," he said, just as short and snappy as could be.

"Well, don't you think that they look charming?" I asked.

"Oh, I suppose they look all right," he growled. "It seems to me that they are fussed out a good deal more than necessary." Then he went on with that paper of his.

"I declare you don't deserve to have such daughters," I said. "All right, indeed! That's all you have to say, is it? Come on away, my dears; your papa is too much engaged to pay any attention to you."

"He felt in his breast pocket and pulled out an envelope and threw it on the table. 'I hardly think that you will expect me to be very enthusiastic when you look at that,' he said."

"I opened it, and what do you suppose it was? Mrs. Modex's bill for the dresses. And really not so very much, for her. And those darling girls standing there! Don't you really think men are peculiar?"—Chicago Daily News.

John Willoway gazed from the design on the Bristol board in his hand to the dashed face of his fair visitor. "Excellent, Miss Dobb," he said. "A sure seller. You are a positive genius in advertisement designing. Now I have sent for you with the object of entering into a permanent arrangement with regard to your services. I find there are not enough working hours in my day, and I wish to relegate the advertisement department to a capable specialist. Salary \$250. What do you say?"

The young lady laughed delightedly. "You really mean that you will pay me \$250 a year for supplying this sort of thing to order?" she said.

"Don't disparage it," she smiled. "I have certain proof of its effectiveness, and I'm a business man. Publicity is the lifeblood of our enterprise, and I want good stuff. Say you'll accept."

"I'm glad you think so highly of my efforts," the girl returned. "I never imagined when I posted you that first essay that it would lead to this. It struck me as I read your advertisements in the magazines that I could possibly produce something worthy, and, having time on my hands and knowing 'Zalvo' to be everything you claimed for it, I made the attempt. You were good enough to accept it and to invite more. Your check made me feel quite proud of myself, and I willingly complied. As to any permanent arrangement, however, you must not think me ungrateful, but circumstances would not permit of my joining your staff. If you will favorably consider my efforts as a free lance I will undertake to continue the supply for my own gratification. I feel quite somebody, I can assure you, when I see my ads. in the papers. You must understand that this work is done surreptitiously. My people don't suspect me of a hobby, and I'm afraid they wouldn't be altogether pleased to know my particular form of madness."

"You underestimate your capabilities, believe me," said John. "I may take it then that a permanency is out of the question. Frankly I'm disappointed, but I will bind you to your undertaking, and I shall expect you to bring me fresh designs whenever the afflatus moves you."

She rose and held out her hand. "Thank you," she said, returning his smile. "I will certainly come."

For some time after she had gone John Willoway sat before his desk in a pleasant reverie, conjured up by her charm of manner and appearance.

ON AN AUTUMN SKETCH.

Thanks to the artist, ever on my wall
The sunset stays; that hill in glory
rolled,
Those trees and clouds in crimson and in gold,
Burn on, nor cool when evening shadows fall.
—James Russell Lowell.

"There is a season that's brimful of gladness and joy,
When the heartstrings of life gladly ring;
'Tis the bright golden Autumn unknown to alloy,
When the little brown squirrel is king.

When the bushy-tailed fellow is lord over all,
The woods are decked gaily to greet him,
While scarlet tinged leaves from the maple trees fall,
And dance o'er the meadows to meet him.

Through woodlands he scurries, through runlets he hurries,
To the hickory tree in the wood;
And as happy is he as a king ere could be,
Though he wears not a circlet of gold.

Heigho to the monarch of dingle and hollow!
His praises let everyone sing;
For we must needs be merry, be happy and cheery,
When the little brown squirrel is king."

Adverting to John

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The secret of the composition of "Zalvo" had been given to him but four years previously, when he was earning a modest livelihood as a journalist, and, realizing its possibilities, he had launched the business. From small beginnings he had, by sheer work and the application of the greater percentage of his profits to publicity, developed the enterprise until "Zalvo" had become a household word throughout the kingdom.

At thirty-two he was well on the high road to fortune.

The claims of business in those four years had held him chained; and, though in bearing and appearance, he was a man who might have wooed successfully, he had not sought the society of the fair sex, and was, consequently, entirely heart-whole.

pen and switched his thoughts from the prosaic to the ideal. The seed of romance, which had hitherto blown past him, had at length struck soil, and his pleasant musing was evidence that it was exceedingly likely to germinate. As he banged down his roll-top desk that night he hoped that she would soon repeat her visit.

The desire to see her again grew stronger as the days passed. In the hours when business did not claim his thoughts her picture was a recurring memory. On the seventh day after her coming, hoping to hasten her call, he ventured to write a brief request for the promised few designs.

When her card was brought to him the following morning some new strange sense of gladness seemed to permeate him, and he met her with hand outstretched and smiling face. That second visit proved the precursor of many, with intervals which gradually lessened, until the day dawned on him when the hope that he might not ask in vain filled him with joy.

That morning, for the first time, she had thrown aside her incognito and, as he learned her father's name, despite the fact that he was a Baronet, a feeling of distinct confidence was instilled within him. She had looked for some expression of surprise, instead of which she laughed, as a man laughs who is sure of ultimate victory.

"Your father looks down on trade, I suppose," he said, becoming suddenly serious. "He would be angry if he knew that his daughter had soiled her hands with business."

"Father is broad-minded," she returned. "He hasn't always been a Baronet, you know. But mother's proudest boast is her pedigree. I'm afraid her feelings would be terribly outraged."

"She wouldn't recognize the 'Zalvo' man, eh?" he said. "Freeze his presumption with an icy glare through her lorgnette, eh?"

She smiled at the picture.

"That reminds me," she said. "The fount of inspiration will dry up for



"Why don't you speak to her?" three weeks. We're off to Brighton tomorrow."

"That reminds me," he laughed. "I'm feeling the want of a holiday myself. Would you recommend Dr. Brighton in my case?"

"I think the treatment might benefit you," she returned, archly.

"Which hotel would you suggest?" he asked.

"I should say the Metropole would suit you admirably," she replied.

Sir Thomas Carham was having a warm ten minutes. His lady was evidently highly incensed.

"The thing's apparent," she was saying. "The man is always with her. Everybody in the hotel is talking about it. It must be stopped at once, and it is for you to settle his pretensions."

"Very decent chap, my dear," he ventured, mildly. "I must admit that I rather like him."

"Your liking or disliking has nothing to do with it," snapped the lady. "You know very well I have other views for Kitty. Saphead dotes upon her, and I will not have the match spoiled. The way she gallivants about with this 'Zalvo' fellow is absolutely disgusting."

"Why don't you speak to her?" he observed dryly.

"What an insane question!" she returned. "The very way to make her think more of him. It is for you to speak to him, and in unmistakable language. Zalvo indeed!"

"Very good stuff, my dear," he said. "I've known it cure some obstinate cases, and, besides, it must be a mint to him."

"Don't be astute!" retorted the lady, her generous form quivering with anger. "You will please understand I expect to send him to the rightabout this very night."

"Very well, my dear, very well," he returned, as he pulled on his dress coat. "I'll talk to him after dinner. Ah, there they come across the promenade. Hand some chap he looks, too. I like his face. Got the right stamp. All right, my dear, don't excite yourself. Go and dress; I'll talk to him."

The girl went by the bedroom door to her own room humming a snatch of song.

Sir Thomas caught it, and stood stock-still, gazing with apparent abstraction through the window.

"Sounds distinctly unpromising," he said to himself. "If I still possess the faculty of putting two and two together I'm afraid I'm in for a hard case. And, when I think of that bright specimen of nobility, Saphead, I'm blessed if I feel inclined to enthuse over the job. This other is a man. I wish to goodness Maria would tackle him herself."

her wayward glances towards a certain table, that she wished herself elsewhere.

Before she passed to the drawing-room he contrived to have a word with her.

"Kit," he whispered, "I've got orders to send Mr. Zalvo to the rightabout."

She looked at him and smiled complacently.

"I believe he wishes to speak to you," she said. "See; he's coming now. Be gentle with him."

"Good evening, Sir Thomas," John greeted him. "Are you for a smoke? If so, I should like to join you."

"Very pleased," said the baronet, and, together, they made for the smoke-room.

Ensnared in a retired corner of the cosy divan they puffed contemplatively at their cigars for a spell in silence. Both had something vital to say, and both were equally at a loss how best to commence.

"This 'Zalvo' of yours is a good thing, eh?" observed Sir Thomas, tempering.

"Excellent, both for humanity and pecuniarily for me," returned John.

"Ah; costs about twopence and, with the stamp, sells for 1s. 14d. Ingredients simple, but efficacious. The rest is advertising," rejoined Sir Thomas. "It strikes me as a very lucrative thing when once the name is known."

"You summarize the position fairly correctly," said John. "Ingredients simple, but remedy undoubtedly efficacious. Advertising may sell a bad thing once, but it's only the good ones which sell all the time."

"I remember my mother possessed an old recipe for a salve which was wonderful in its effect," went on Sir John. "She used to dispense gallopot right and left, and was never so pleased as when she heard of an obstinate case being cured by it, but she guarded the secret of its composition most zealously. A dear old lady, my boy, though well over 70, still healthy and happy."

"To such a dear old lady, the best friend I ever knew, I owe the secret of 'Zalvo,'" said John, quietly.

The baronet eyed him thoughtfully. There was that in his face that promised a revelation.

"Tell me about it," he said, presently. "I was a journalist at the time," said John. "Chance gave us acquaintance, and she was good enough to take an interest in me. I think some of the pleasantest hours of my life have been spent in her society. Having personally proved the efficacy of her recipe, I ventured to urge upon her that it was selfish to keep it from the community, and, eventually, persuaded her to give me the secret. The rest you know. From the very first sale she has been the recipient of a royalty of one penny per pot, which, I believe, she religiously dispenses in various charities, having a sufficient income to keep her in comfort. It was only on this condition that she would accept anything."

"The suspicion which had been incited in the mind of the baronet was now almost certainty."

"Where did you say the lady lived?" he queried.

"I did not mention the town," said John, smiling. "It was Leamington."

"Ah!" ejaculated Sir Thomas, and was silent.

Presently he knocked the ash from his cigar, and leaning forward, said abruptly:

"Willoway, why aren't you a Lord, a Baronet, or at least a Knight?"

"I take it that I may travel that road," John responded gravely.

"I like you. Hang it, but I do!" exclaimed Sir Thomas impulsively.

"That's good news," said John. "It encourages me to state the request which I brought you here to urge."

"What was the dear old lady's name?" queried Sir Thomas.

"Mrs. Carham," returned John. "My mother!"

"So I believe," said John nonchalantly. "I want her to be my grandmother-in-law."

"What does Kit say?"

"I have good reason to believe she would advocate the legal relationship," said John, calmly.

"Let's go and talk to her mother," said Sir Thomas, rising and taking his arm.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Great Stone Face.
Colonel James P. Robertson, of the English army, declares in "Personal Adventures" that the history of his face alone would fill a chapter. When quite a small boy he had the present of a toy cannon. He found the cannon nearly full of paper, and to get that out he took a bit of strong wire, made it red-hot, and tried to burn the paper out. Bang! went the cannon, and the wire shot through the lobe of his left ear.

When I was trying to blow up a wasp's nest, he continues, the mine of coarse blasting powder went off in my face, and peppered it full of unexpected large grains of powder.

I went to my room, and with a gold pin dug out every grain, and cleaned the wound with my nail-brush. It was a most painful operation, but if I had left the powder in I should have had a blue face for life.

A fall which occurred when I was out hunting smashed the bone of my nose into little bits, and on another occasion I fell on a rock, and my two front teeth came through the skin below the under lip.

My mother used to say, "O laddie, laddie, you'll come to some awful death if you don't take more care of yourself!" But at the age of 84 I am able to take a twenty-mile run on my "bike," and am without mark or damage on my face.

slightest trace of the trouble for future outbreaks. The whole volume of blood is renewed and cleansed after a course of S. S. S. It is also nature's greatest tonic, made entirely of roots, herbs and barks, and is absolutely harmless to any part of the system. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores. Book on the blood and any medical advice free to all who write.

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ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, FEB. 13, 1908.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
GEORGE C. L. SNYDER

Entered November 20, 1902, at the U. S. Postoffice in Wrangell, Alaska, as mail matter of the second class, according to the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

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Professional Cards, per month - \$1 00
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5 cents per line, each subsequent insertion.
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THE GOVERNMENT OF ALASKA

Following are extracts from an article by W. F. Beers, Jr., which appeared under the above heading in the Alaska-Yukon Magazine for January:

"The 'last American West' has for long been the Cinderella in our federal family. Indeed, Alaska has survived two great human curses, supposed poverty and real riches. In the past, only to face now a beautiful chance of a living death as a mummified Arctic 'district,' the newest illegal, unconstitutional and undemocratic invention of the 'outside' to take the eternal toll of weakness and patience in a new locality. While Alaska had to struggle against a mass of ignorance and slander about volcanoes, icebergs, Eskimos, frozen thermometers, and mosquitoes, the railroad gateway to the Far East stood little chance of attracting a population which any American not a missionary would care to retain in his home neighborhood. And now while Alaska spells 'easy money' in the Wall Street dialect, it is working wonders simply to keep above the inevitable, besetting, engulfing whirlpool of graft which always surges about a golden center.

"From barren tundra to fabulous placers is no more amazing an American evolution than the coming development from quartz mines and canneries to cities and an Asiatic railroad. But much more of the same spirit of do or die will be needed to repeat the victories over slandered poverty and envied riches in terms of homes, progress and liberty. And the first step to this end of stable Americanism is territorial self-government.

"Considering in detail the territorial government outlook for Alaska, it must be stated frankly at the outset that the present curious and un-American tangle of technicalities which result in Alaska being ruled from far-off and preoccupied Washington by lobby, log-rolling and some haphazard justice combined, is hopelessly in conformity to the letter of our constitutional law even up to the point of willfully delaying territorial government after proper proof has been given congress of a fair number of white residents, and fair facilities for orderly self government.

"Under the federal constitution congress is explicitly given 'the power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory and other property belonging to the United States,' and the cases holding the United States to be a collection of state units as well as those which see the overwhelming logic of actualities and custom, and hold this collection to be in fact a consolidation, all firmly assert temporary congressional dictatorship of each 'new west.' Whether congress shamefully neglects the distant Americans or dabbles in the regulation of purely local crimes, local family ideals, local reality interests, et cetera ad finitum and equally nauseam, the redress of the local officers is solely an appeal to the

American political custom dating from the Northwest Territory Ordinance of 1787, which clearly and effectively forbids congressional tutelage beyond the before mentioned point of progress in population and social efficiency.

But there is nothing more certain than that this literal legality gloss over Alaska's oppression in its recently acquired but solid manhood needs only a determined effort on the part of the Alaska home builders to strip it off and throw it to the winds of the Pacific. Let Alaska cease to beg a few crumbs of good government and boldly demand the birthright of every 'last west' with which to cement stepping stones further westward for our great expanding race.

"The Northwest Territory Ordinance of 1787 provided that a temporary appointive government consisting of a governor and several law-making judges might be established and continue until the adult male population of the territory increased to five thousand, when a permanent and representative government should be permitted and inaugurated. Further, when the inhabitants of any one of the five divisions of the Northwest Territory should number six thousand, that division had to be admitted to the Union as a new and full-fledged state.

"Comparing Alaska with the average density of population at which other territories were admitted, we find that she has 590,000 square miles and a population in 1900 (which has certainly increased since), and therefore a density of .11 could hardly make out a case for the whole of Alaska to be given self-government.

"SOUTH ALASKA" PROPOSED

"But the country north of the Yukon and Tanana basins is purely and simply a prospectors' and summer miners' country. The tundra will not afford a basis for agriculture. The climate forbids homes for all the year around, i. e. forbids stable democratic communities. Reindeer grazing and the richest of placers would not suffice to attract permanent immigration. Why then saddle the rest of Alaska with these 300,000 or more square miles which form as novel and distinct a governmental problem as the Philippines and their diversified races?

"The southeastern coast portion of Alaska from Cook Inlet to Dixon's Entrance should be allowed to form a separate South Alaska territory, with the Yukon, Tanana and other central Alaska river valleys, whose commerce and transportation must always be linked with the coast to the south of them.

"The present density of population in this more restricted territory is certainly now above the United States territorial average, and the communities which would take the lead in such self-government have already shown their entire fitness therefor, both in the prosperity and steadiness of inhabitants and industries.

"South Alaska on the coast would contain the towns of Seward, Sitka, Katalla, Ketchikan, Wrangell, Juneau, Skagway, Valdez, Cordova, Yakutat, Douglas, Treadwell and Haines. The central Alaska towns also covered by this proposed territory would be Fairbanks, Chena, Eagle, Ft. Yukon, Rampart and Circle City. The proposed South Alaska territory would also avoid the complications of the Bering Sea seal islands, the Aleutian volcanic islands, and the peculiar Alaskan peninsula, all of which will perhaps yet require a dictatorship rather than local self government.

"Gold, silver, copper, tin, coal and iron are not the whole list of Alaskan minerals. Alaska waters give half the annual salmon catch of the western hemisphere. In the southern and central portions there is dense timber and rich soil, and rich for general agriculture, too, mind you, not only for grasses and hardy vegetables and grains. Switzerland earns millions showing to the world's tourists scenery which would be dwarfed and shriveled in the eyes of any unbiased person who took a look at Alaska before or afterward. Yet this great country is stifled and crippled by the

inevitable misunderstandings (not to say deliberate oppressions) of a distant government.

"No one but an Alaskan can understand completely the peculiar needs and wants of the 'last American West,' in the matter of criminal law, realty titles, corporation control, labor regulation, public school expansion, liquor restriction, fish and game protection, native guardianship, coast lighthouses, postal service, individual mining laws, cable, telegraph and telephone extension, railroad taxes, etc.

"A local appellate court is an obvious lack. Fees for officials instead of salaries are relics of an age when expensive litigation was viewed with equanimity by the oligarchic captains of industry as an obstacle to effective extension of democratic rights or demands.

"The Pacific coast is a natural unit. All the Pacific coast states should be eager and willing to assist in this necessary move for the complete development of Alaska.

But self-help is the vital part of Americanism. Surely when the the South Alaskan population density is equal to the average of preceding United States territories at the date of organization, when the present riches and prospective home development is equal to if not greater than any of the preceding territories in their infancy, when the Philippines have already been given a bicameral legislature based upon the simple electoral requirements of reading and writing in Spanish, surely indeed, it is a ludicrous as well as a bitterly serious proposition for congress to tell Alaskans they alone are not yet worthy of self government.

"In fact, it is the writer's firm opinion that South Alaskans are degrading their American dignity and manhood in patiently submitting to the continued deprivation of well merited statehood."

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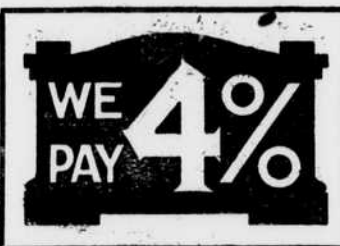
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